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but while the great duke *there* appears a centre of action—an impulse and a power moving multitudes—a commander swaying the wills of his fellow-men, or crushing their purposes—a spirit towering in majesty above all the rest who throng the fields of carnage; *here* we see him as the centre of another kind of interest—passive, resistless, impotent—the hand that held the truncheon, stiff—the eyes that shone with such a calm spirit of command, for ever closed—the lips which spoke with authority, silent—and the form which was animated by such a strong mind and steady will, mouldering into dust. What a sermon on the weakness of man! “No man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, and there is no power in the day of death, neither is there any discharge from that war.” Wellington’s coffin passes by as a pledge of the mortality of all who gaze on it.

One thinks of Wellington’s triumphal entries. There was the entrance to Madrid, when the houses were covered with tapestry, laurels, and flowers, and all the population of the Spanish city crowded the streets, and the air was rent with the shouts, “Long live the duke of Ciudad Rodrigo! long live Wellington!” There was the entrance to Paris, at the head of the allied armies, with all the pomp of military glory, when the duke was calm and dignified, restraining the impetuosity of Blücher, and respecting the rights of the vanquished. There was his visit to the city of London, on the 7th of July, 1814, another triumphal entry; when, on the right side of the Prince Regent, he was escorted with almost regal honours to the Cathedral of St. Paul’s, there to acknowledge the providence, and return thanks for the protection of the Lord of hosts. And now along the same street he is borne, not in triumph, but as one stricken at last by a mightier hand. The conqueror is conquered. The gay procession is turned into a funeral. The scene to-day is, after all, a humiliating confession, however disguised, of the strength of the last enemy. What we see is professedly in honour of the hero of Waterloo; it is really a proof that there has come over this world a power mightier than the mightiest of heroes.

But war is terrible, and thoughts of it are repulsive, especially at an hour which invites to pensive and profitable reflections. With greater interest the mind reverts to the old d’ke as an instrument of Providence in another way—as a statesman and a councillor, with his strong understanding, clear judgment, sharp foresight, keen sagacity, iron-like will, and self-control. These qualities of his mind came out even more conspicuously in the history of his peaceful days, than in that of his memorable wars. Though his constitution became enfeebled, and his form drooped, and the silver hair told of coming death; though there was a manifest loss of strength as he mounted his horse at Apsley-gate, or tottered along Piccadilly; though, physically, the man whom we saw leaning on the arm of the marquis of Anglesea, at the opening of the Exhibition, was not the man who had fought by his side in the battle-field, yet mentally how little did he alter, if at all; how strong, clear, vivid, forecasting, and firm was that mind of his to the very last. The lamp of intellect was burning bright, when the earthen vessel that held it had become decayed and was on the point of

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crumbling to pieces. Is there not something suggestive in this? Does it not indicate the distinctness, superiority, even independence of the soul? We cannot look on that great man’s soul as dead, but only as departed. What remains of him is but the empty fortress; the garrison is gone. The mind which *manued* the material portion of his nature is living *somewhere else*.

There is a book written by the Creator of souls which tells us the history of souls. It takes up man’s story at the point where reason must stop in writing it. Yonder there stands “a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.” And there, far down, separated from it by a gulf impassable, there lies “a land of darkness, as darkness itself, where the light is as darkness,” and where there are “spirits in prison.” Into the invisible dwelling-place, whither another soul of no common order has been called, the soul of him who reads this paper will soon be sent. Each soul is on the way already. The distance of the termination every moment lessens. How very near, amidst these emblems of mortality, which are as the clouds of death passing over the heads of the living—how very near at this solemn hour does the eternal future seem to be! All of us seem touching on it.

The departed duke has been justly held up to honour and imitation as an extraordinary example of loyalty. Looking at his power and rank, at his victories and his influence, surely his attachment to the throne and government of his native land is most noteworthy. “My duty to the crown” was a sentiment which lay deep in his mind, and moved him with the force of supreme principle. One asks what bribe could have sufficed to shake his loyalty for a moment? That loyalty which presents a pattern for every Englishman is the image of a higher kind of allegiance. What Wellington was to his earthly sovereign, we should be to the King of kings and the Lord of lords. A breach of loyalty, however, in its highest form is the sin of all. The virtual displacing of the Ruler of the universe, and the elevation of an idol to his throne—the world or self, wealth, power, or pleasure—that is the crime of every fallen child of man, and that is treason. It is a capital offence, entailing capital punishment. Love as a husband, tenderness as a parent, fidelity as a friend, cannot be pleaded in bar of judgment, when a man stands arraigned for treason, nor can the fairest morality prove our innocence when appearing before God to meet an indictment for rebellion.

Mortals have apostatized from their Maker. The spiritual relations of mankind are all deranged and out of order. The world’s confusions are a proof of that deeper and still more fatal disturbance. War—which Wellington and the greatest martial heroes have been fain to confess as a frightful scourge—war, which has swept round the world more times than we can number, like the pale horse and his rider, with hell following behind—could never have had place in a world which was not a fallen one. War among men is only the fruit of man’s first war with God.

Wellington, at the commencement of his European career, found the continent overshadowed by a despotism which had broken up prior-existing governments, and thrown society into disorder. He found havoc and desolation on every side. He

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## THE LEISURE HOUR.

found marauding armies traversing the fairest scenes and trampling down God's beautiful gifts. His avowed object was to restore order and peace. Whatever may be thought of the method and the result, so the proposed end shaped itself in the warrior's mind. Thinking of that, we are led to reflect upon God's method for the restoration of order and peace. And how beautiful is the contrast! Man seeks to put down disorder by force, to subdue confusion by violence, to create peace through war. God vanquishes enmity by his own love, destroys sin by his Son's sufferings, and restores obedience and tranquillity through the Spirit's patience and grace. "Having made peace by the blood of his cross;" so runs the divine oracle of truth, as it explains the mystery of our salvation. Blood is spilt, but it is not ours, it is His. Law is maintained, exalted, honoured above everything, and stands forth the most sacred bond of strength and order in the universe, but it is not through our sacrifice, it is through His. Justice, righteousness, truth, stand around His throne, in venerable majesty, challenging the reverence of all intelligent beings in all worlds, but the vindication of their rights is not through our death, it is through His: He, the just one, died for us, the unjust, that He might bring us to God. The restoration of peace between us and the Most High must, then, be through faith in the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. Reliance upon Christ, the atoning Mediator, is indispensable to the recovery of our right place under God's government. Unbelief in him puts us out of the way of Divine mercy, and keeps us in our original state of rebellion and guilt. It is a very different thing from mere mistaken opinion. It is an offence not against things but persons, not against creeds but Christ. It is indifference to His word, it is contempt of His authority; as if an officer in Wellington's army, on receiving a message from him, had thrown it aside, and ignored its existence. Would the commander-in-chief have deemed that an expression of harmless opinion, or the offering of criminal insult? To reject the gospel is to reject Christ; to reject Christ is to reject God. To disbelieve the gospel, then, is to repeat, confirm, deepen, and aggravate one's original disloyalty. Here, then, is the grand turning point of character and destiny in the history of man. "Men love darkness rather than light"—this is the crime; light comes to us under these circumstances—this is the crisis. It supplies a critical test proving what you are. It affords a critical occasion, bringing out signs of what you will be. To receive the gospel, to trust in Christ, is to get back to one's right place in God's universe. It is to secure perfect forgiveness and everlasting sonship, together with strength, comfort, joy, and victory in all life's sorrows and struggles. It is to have inward peace, the pledge of eternal peace. And were that Captain of salvation believed and trusted in by mankind at large, there would come over the world a general peace infinitely better than what Wellington's sword won nearly forty years ago.

**INJURIES.**—If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, do not go about the streets proclaiming it, and be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you may have received.

## THE PROBABLE ROUTE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

In the seventh and ninth numbers of the "Leisure Hour," our readers were put in possession of the history of the various efforts which have already been made to recover our lost countrymen, and were informed of the traces of their first winter encampment, which had at last been discovered. The publication of the *Journal*\* of the voyage performed by the ships under the command of Captain William Penny enables us now to do more justice to the singularly interesting geographical discoveries of this brave man in Wellington Channel and the seas beyond it.

Mr. William Penny has been an arctic sailor since the twelfth year of his age. When intrusted with the "Lady Franklin," he had been already, though only forty-one years of age, in command of a whaling ship for sixteen years. His was almost invariably the leading ship in the whaling squadron, he entered into the most minute detail of ice navigation, and was usually the last to leave the whaling ground when any hope whatever remained that such a course would advance the objects of the voyage. His brother commanders had great confidence in his opinion, and "What does Penny think of it?" was a common question among them in reference to the intricacies and perplexities so frequent in their calling. Penny has made several voyages to other parts besides those visited by the intrepid whaler, and, though brave even to daring, we are told that no ship while under his command ever made any claim upon an Assurance Company. No one will wonder that the sailor who has been buffeting the waves and the whales for thirty years from his boyhood, should be deficient in literary attainment and in conventional polish. But every one will see the fitness of his training for the sterner duties and rougher work of the expedition to which, though holding no commission under the seal of their office, he was appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty in the spring of 1850.

The "Lady Franklin" and "Sophia" sailed from Aberdeen, in the presence of immense crowds of well-wishing spectators, on the afternoon of the 13th of April, 1850, and on the 29th they were within sight of the bold and rugged coast of West Greenland. The part which Penny had (and it was a principal part) in the discovery of Sir John Franklin's winter quarters at Beechly Island, in August, 1850, has been already detailed, and our space will not allow us to record the employments and experiences of the sunless months which the searching expedition spent in the same neighbourhood. We proceed at once to the researches of the following spring.

By the 17th of April, eight sledges were in readiness. The intensity of the cold at this period may be judged from a single fact. A dog attempting to lick a little fat from an iron shovel stuck fast to it, and dragged it by means of his tongue, until, by a sudden effort, he got clear, leaving

\* *Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Straits in the years 1850-1851, performed by H.M.S. "Lady Franklin" and "Sophia," under the command of Mr. William Penny, in search of the missing crews of H.M.S. "Erebus" and "Terror."* By Peter C. Sutherland, M.D., surgeon to the expedition. 2 vols.

several inches of the skin and subjacent tissue on the cold metal. One of the seamen endeavouring to change the size of the eye of the splice in his track-rope, put the marling-spike, after the true sailor fashion, into his mouth; the result was, that he lost a great portion of the skin of his lips and tongue. Within ten days it was found necessary to return to the ships to make their preparations for travelling more efficient, and on the 6th of May they re-commenced their explorations. Each party had its allotted work; but if we follow that which was commanded by Captain Penny, the reader will obtain the best idea of the results. After seven days' travelling, this party found the ice too decayed to support the dogs. The snow became very deep, and they were obliged to stop. Captain Penny and Mr. Peterson (a Danish gentleman) set off to a point several miles farther along, making sure that they should find traces of the missing ships in the shape of a cairn. The point was a very low one, and there was immensely piled-up ice upon it. But to their surprise a strait, and nothing but clear water, opened up before them. The tide seemed to be going at a very rapid rate, not less than four knots. This channel or strait was about eight miles in breadth and ten miles in length from east to west. The point on which they then stood, they called Point Surprise, from the sudden appearance to their view of so large an extent of water. South-west from Point Surprise there appeared to be an island, which they named after Sir Francis T. Baring, the first Lord of the Admiralty. To the north and north-east the land could be seen very bold, at a distance of about twenty miles, and its deep bays could also be distinguished very clearly. This land was named Prince Albert Land. At a considerable distance from the coast line in Prince Albert Land there was a range of rugged hills, which in one part rose high above the ordinary level. This elevation they named Sir John Barrow's Monument, out of compliment to one who during forty years' official connection with the Admiralty devoted his utmost zeal and interest as well as most distinguished talents to the advancement of arctic discovery. The moment they passed over Point Surprise, Captain Penny, in a momentary fit of chagrin, exclaimed: "No one will ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are to be found."

Our travellers returned to their sledges much disappointed, and at 2 A.M. (for most of the travelling was accomplished by night, to prevent snow blindness) they turned into their sleeping bags. Next morning they ascertained the latitude of Point Surprise to be about 76°. "Sir James C. Ross," says Captain Penny, "said he would give one thousand pounds for ten days' provisions: I certainly should have given five thousand pounds for a boat to follow up the search for Sir John Franklin." While they were laying down the bearings of the various points and islands, and making a tracing of the coasts, two walruses sailed past upon a piece of ice, at the rate of at least three knots. Two eider ducks and some "burgomasters" flew past at the same time. This was remarkable, because here they had creatures which they could only have expected ten degrees farther south at such an early date. They could now see distinctly twenty-five miles of open

water; and from the appearance of the sky, they judged there were at least 25 miles more of open water beyond the north point of the strait. To have proceeded northward could only be accomplished by making a very large circuit, and for this they had barely two days' provisions for the dogs. They might shoot seals or walruses and birds in the water, but where was the boat to pick them up in such rapid tides? No alternative remained but to return to the ships, and see if by any means a boat could be got into the open water which had been so unexpectedly discovered.

Having reached the ships once more, a sledge was prepared with all speed to receive the largest six-oared whale-boat of the "Lady Franklin," and in a fortnight (June 4) our travellers were again on the ice. The softness of the snow and the increasing quantity of water on the ice, from the advance of the season, made their progress the more difficult and their dangers the more imminent. But on the 17th of June, after three hours' travelling and running after deer, Captain Penny ascended a high headland, and "behold! the water was within 20 miles of the boat! clear open water!" At five the following evening they reached the water, and launched their boat, and in an hour it was loaded with provisions for forty days. The "fatigue party" was sent back to the ships with all the dogs, and with instructions as to the necessary dépôts for provisions.

Our voyagers were scarcely embarked on this northern sea, when contrary winds and thick snow compelled them to seek shelter in a bay on the south shore of the channel. The next morning the ice poured into this channel, and what was open water the day before, was covered with ice to an extent of twenty miles. In the distance, however, the water could be seen in the direction of the newly discovered Baring and Hamilton Islands, and beyond them again there were appearances in the sky which indicated to the practised eye of the arctic mariners the existence of water to the utmost limits of vision. Winds from the north-west, it was soon discovered, brought down accumulations of ice, which rendered navigation extremely dangerous, and often altogether impracticable, while easterly winds cleared the channel. The former winds prevailed most, greatly to the distress of the party. For nearly a week the explorers were able to make but short excursions, and they left a record of their feelings in their place of shelter, by calling it Disappointment Bay. During this period, seals, walruses, white whales, and narwhales were seen in the water, and occasionally in the small openings among the pack-ice. They were very numerous, and could be counted in numbers of twenty or thirty at a time.

On the 24th of June, Captain Penny succeeded in reaching Hamilton Island, which was found to be 12 or 13 miles due north from Disappointment Bay. The next morning every one started over the island, eager in the search for the missing expedition. The points and headlands were examined carefully without finding anything, not even so much as a bit of wood. On the 5th of July, however, a bit of English elm, quite fresh, was picked up, and also a piece of driftwood. The elm had not been long in the water, but it was much

reduced in weight, and weatherworn by exposure to the atmosphere. On the 17th of July, Baring Island was reached, and found to be upwards of 30 miles beyond Hamilton Island. But here, too, were no traces of the great object in pursuit. This island is ten miles long and five broad. Its height is about 200 feet, and the top is flat, with several lakes upon it. In one of its bays several pieces of driftwood were found. The boat had not proceeded far on its passage from Baring Island to the northern shore of the channel—a distance of 30 miles—when two sea-horses were observed close at hand. The party immediately bore down upon one of them to secure it for the sake of fuel, and putting a ball into its mouth they got fast to him with the harpoon and line. A good deal of firing ensued; but the balls took no effect, except to increase his fierceness and their danger in approaching him; they were compelled, therefore, to draw close up and run a lance through him. They required to be very cautious in their operations, for his large tusks might easily have torn a plank out of their boat. The blubber proved of great value as fuel, and some of the seamen thought the thick hide suitable for mocassins, as their shoes were very nearly done. As regards the flesh of the animal, Captain Penny says he relished it so long as it was fresh and sweet.

After twelve hours' plying with the oars, they reached land, and the commander hastened to the top of a hill to examine a cairn which they had seen from the water. It was a real cairn—but alas! not one of Sir John Franklin's. It had been erected a short time before by Captain Stewart, of the "Sophia," who, in command of one of the sledge parties, had travelled to this point along the eastern shores of the channel. It was the farthest point he was able to reach before he was compelled to return to the ships. Five miles farther north, Captain Penny reached a splendid bay, which would suit well for a winter harbour. From an elevation in its neighbourhood, six or eight hundred feet high, nothing could be seen to the northwest but open sea and a watery sky. The coast was bold and led away in a northwest direction. The most distant part of it that could be seen, the discoverer named Cape Sir John Franklin, and it appeared to be a few miles beyond latitude 77° and longitude 100°. Several islands also were seen and duly designated. Before quitting, Captain Penny erected a cairn, and took another view of the expanse of water that was before his eyes. "Oh! to have been here only with my two little vessels," he says, "what could we not have done in the way of search? but I greatly fear, if we had, the missing ships are beyond our reach. That there is a large arctic sea beyond this channel, in which the ice is constantly in motion, there can be no doubt; for where could all the ice have gone to? where does the comparatively fresh driftwood come from? It must be from America or Siberia, and that through a body of drifting ice."

To have proceeded farther with only one week's provisions left would have been foolhardy. But it required a severe struggle to relinquish the search. On the 20th of July they began their return journey, and in fifteen hours they reached the southern shores of the channel they had been exploring, having in that time sailed over eighty miles. From the state of the ice along shore it

was soon found necessary to abandon the boat, and to attempt the journey to the ships by the coast, over a distance of upwards of 100 miles. Abandon Bay, as they called the place where they left the boat, was not far from their old retreat, Disappointment Bay.

There were fresh difficulties now to be encountered. The rivers, whose beds contained nothing two months previously, but ice as hard as the rock, were before the end of July discharging continuous streams into the sea, and were often so swollen after heavy rains that it was difficult to cross them. All the other explorers had already returned to the ships after their hard but fruitless toils, and were filled with anxious fears for the safety of their commander and his seven companions. Two days after abandoning his boat, Captain Penny reached a dépôt of provisions which his fellow officer had laid down in his track. Some days later he found a boat hauled up at the mouth of a large run of water, landed there by the same considerate foresight. By the 25th of July the fears of their friends became quite oppressive, from the winds and violent storms, the rainy, thick, and gloomy weather which had prevailed for some time. At 10 p.m. of this day they were retiring to rest, when a party was observed in the distance. "For a few minutes," says Dr. Sutherland, "we thought it was composed of some of the men, who often, in spite of bad weather and fatigue from their day's work (in ballasting and preparing the ships for their summer voyaging), took an evening excursion to the eastward; but as the party approached, and a telescope was levelled upon it, Captain Penny was recognised. Up went the St. George's or British ensign, and in a few minutes we were among the party. He at once told us he had seen nothing of the missing ships except a bit of elm which might have belonged to them, and that his opinion was they had gone away to the northwestward, far beyond his reach. The men and their commander were drenched to the skin, and most of them had either their toes or heels exposed through their boots to the ice or the rough and sharp-pointed fragments of which the surface of the land is composed, over which they had to perform their weary march for whole days. With his arrival, the last of the travelling parties in search of Sir John Franklin came in, and the same dismal shade which veiled the mysterious fate of our long-lost countryman still remained as it had been when we commenced our travelling."

The sequel is soon told. That the missing expedition had gone by the route recently explored, Captain Penny had no manner of doubt. Still he could not produce sufficiently palpable reasons to convince others to the same extent that he himself believed the fact. But even if it were certain that they had, the question occurred, was it prudent, and would it be of effective service, for him to remain a second winter with only his present resources, for further search? He soon felt that steamers were essential to the accomplishment of anything of importance.

He was thus in a dilemma. "He had on the one hand to contend with the possibility and even the probability that much ought still to be done in search of the missing ships, and on the other hand he saw coming upon his shoulders the



responsibility for the lives of all engaged in both expeditions. Again and again he said that he would neither be responsible for bringing the search to a close, nor for jeopardizing the lives of upwards of 220 men by leading them up the Wellington Channel in the very footsteps, as he believed, of the unfortunate Franklin and his adventurous companions." Accordingly, at an early meeting with Captain Austin, the superior in command of the larger of the two searching expeditions, he proposed a continuation of the search by means of one of the steamers and the "Sophia," so soon as the ice in Wellington Channel should open. But all he could say failed to convince Captain Austin of even the faintest probability that the missing ships had taken that route. The piece of elm was put in requisition, but in vain. Without Captain Austin's co-operation, Captain Penny's expedition, dried up in its resources, could effect nothing by remaining out a second winter. And thus brave men, who were willing to hazard their lives in the cause of humanity, had no alternative left them but to abandon the hope of rescuing their lost countrymen from the icy wastes and chilly waters of the pole, and return to England. May a happier issue follow the toils and perils of their successors, in an enterprise which the civilized world watches with the throbbing interest of a most painful suspense!

Since the preceding was written, the "Prince Albert" has arrived at Aberdeen. She spent last winter in Batty Bay in Prince Regent's Inlet. The principal result of her voyage is the discovery of a channel, distant 600 miles westward from the ship's winter quarters, opening up a bay by the northern coast of North Somerset. This channel was explored by Mr. Kennedy, the director of the expedition, and a party of men, who walked and sledged it, traversing the north side of Somerset, round by Port Leopold—a journey of not less than 1200 miles. On the return of the "Prince Albert" eastward, Wellington Channel was found open and free from ice as far as the telescope could command. The searching squadron, under Sir E. Belcher, had gone up the channel; and it is the opinion of Mr. Kennedy, and of the officers of the "North Star," whom he saw, that, from the remarkable openness of the season, it would occupy a more advanced position than any of the previous expeditions could reach. Describing the state of this channel to Captain Penny, at Aberdeen, that gentleman expressed his firm conviction that, if the steamers are pushed forward with energy, they might get through at Behring's Straits.

The "Prince Albert" has brought home despatches from Sir E. Belcher, down to the 14th of August. From what Sir Edward has discovered floating down Wellington Channel—remains of whales, bears, and other animal substances—his party have been led to the conclusion, that not only is there food for mankind in that direction, but that the floating portions of whales and bears form the relics of what have been actually consumed by human beings. "Sir E. Belcher," says a morning journalist, "has by this time, most probably, explored the regions pronounced to be accessible by Captain Penny, but injudiciously abandoned, and has thus confirmed the truth of Penny's testimony.

It is fearful to contemplate the consequences of a year's delay in following the track presumed to have been taken by Franklin; as, of course, hopes of effectual succour must be diminished by the year's postponement of that search which Penny so warmly suggested on the spot, and which he so nobly volunteered to undertake on his return to England last autumn." The intelligence thus referred to, still preserves from extinction the hope that at least a remnant of our missing countrymen may yet be discovered and rescued; and moreover encourages the expectation that the long-sought north-west passage will ultimately be effected.

## THE YOUNG CHEMIST;

OR, NEVER DESPAIR.

A TALE.

"WHAT a terrible incident!" said I, laying down a letter just received from the north.

"What is it?" asked my aunt Eleanor, without raising her eyes from the newspaper she was reading.

"Do you remember a Mr. Logan whom we met last year in Scotland?"

"Oh yes;—a tall, handsome man, with a very fine expression of face. I remember him well."

"And I think, aunt, you will be as much shocked and surprised at what has occurred as I am. You know that Mr. Logan was one of the managers of a bank. It appears that he has of late been speculating in railroad shares, and that to meet the calls made upon him he appropriated money not his own, hoping to repay it before any discovery could be made. However, it was found that there must be a mistake somewhere—that there was some error—and this was easily traced to Mr. Logan. I believe at the time there was no blame or even suspicion attached to him, but it was deemed desirable to send a clerk with him to his own house, where, he said, he could produce documents which would clear up the whole affair. He left the bank with this man, and they proceeded together through the town and towards his house, which is about two miles beyond the bridge. I dare say you remember that bridge, built so high up because of the swollen stream that rushes through it in the spring; and the rocky bed of the river, which may be seen quite clearly at low water. Well, they reached the bridge, and as they were passing over it Mr. Logan said, 'This is rather a high parapet, is it not? and yet I should not wonder that with one leg on this side I could rest my other foot on the outer ledge of it.'

"I should not wonder, sir," answered the clerk; 'you are so very tall.'

"I will try," said he; and in an instant his foot rested on the outer ledge. Just one spring, scarcely time for the man to start forward, and there was a splash in the water below, and the body of a man rose to the surface and floated down with the stream. He had struck his head upon a rock, and instant death followed."

"What an awful thing!" said aunt Eleanor. "And to think that a man should thus enter into the presence of his Creator, and cut off from himself also all chance of repairing the wrong which he had inflicted on his fellow-creatures."

"Well, yes," I answered; "but still one cannot help looking with a kind of respect on the man who holds his good name dearer than his life, and thinks that this last is but the setting of a noble stone—valueless when the jewel is gone."

"I don't know what you mean by those fine words," said aunt Eleanor, rather sharply—at least sharply for one who was always so gentle. "Surely the 'good name' you speak of is only an outer and visible sign, and if the latter is wanting the other is valueless. A man is content to lose his honesty and integrity—the foundation of his good name; but he cannot bear that his fellow-men should point at him the finger of scorn and of reproach. God and his own conscience speak to him in vain, but a single whisper from mortal lips is more than he can bear. I should not have thought," she added after a pause, "that Mr. Logan had been one of the worldlings, there was so much of manly courage in his whole bearing; I had believed him capable of higher things."

"Perhaps," said I, "it was a momentary despair which seized him, and then the place, the opportunity—"

"Perhaps it was," she answered; "God knows our own strength is but very feebleness. Yet how much nobler, when a man has fallen into temptation, to seek by God's aid to recover himself than to yield thus to rash despair. Let me tell you, however, as a case in point, a passage in the early history of, one whom you well know—your uncle Alfred."

"My uncle Alfred!" I exclaimed; "why, he is the most noble man I ever knew, and the very greatest physician, I should think, in all England. I really don't think he ever could have been guilty of a fault."

"Yes," said Eleanor, "and of one which might have embittered the life of any man of so sensitive a nature as himself. You know that he began his career as apprentice to a chemist in the City, but he was far too active and intelligent to be content with merely mixing drugs and standing behind a counter from morning till night to retail them. He soon busied himself in trying to ascertain the nature of every drug and chemical in the shop, and the effect that was produced by their combination; and then he turned to the customers: he was so quick to understand, so willing to help, and showed such ready sympathy with all trouble and affliction, that he was soon beloved and trusted by all the poor of the neighbourhood. There was one policeman in particular, who said not only that he was cleverer than his master, but that he would much rather trust him than Dr. Squills, who lived in a large house in the next street. And yet neither the policeman, his wife, nor one of his children, had ever entered the shop of Alfred's master when he made this assertion; but the boy had shown that he possessed a brave and tender spirit, and our good policeman took all the rest on trust. I will tell you how this happened. In the middle of one night there was a cry of 'Fire.' Alfred jumped out of bed, and saw the flames rising from a house in an adjacent street. He was quickly dressed and out of doors. Arrived at the scene of the fire, he found there was no chance of saving the house in which it originated, and scarcely any hope for the one adjoining it. This

latter belonged to a poor widow woman, who was standing at some little distance: her frightened children were crying round her, while she gazed vacantly at the flames, which would soon destroy all that she had to depend on for the maintenance of her family and herself. Alfred said a few words to her, but she only shook her head, and turned again to watch the fire. He made his way through the crowd, and asked a fireman whom he knew, what chance there was of saving Mrs. Thompson's house.

"Well!" said the man, "it aint caught yet, but you see it is so hot you can't stand on the roof, else with wet blankets and buckets of water I don't wonder we should save it. But there's ever so many tried, and they can't keep their heads up now."

"Let me pass," said Alfred, "and I'll try."

"Sir," said the policeman at the door, "I don't think you'll stand it."

"I mean to try," answered your uncle, and he spoke in such a determined manner that the man took courage and caught him by the arm.

"Just wait a minute and I'll go with you, for really it makes my heart ache to see the poor missus there at the corner."

"So they went together, and Alfred proved himself a perfect salamander; but then I do believe the clothes might be burnt off his back before he would move, when he has determined to do a thing and believes it right. At first the heat was most oppressive, and the burning embers fell in showers; but he spread out wet blankets, and poured over them the water which was handed up in buckets; then the policeman came to his assistance: they worked a great part of the night, and by their exertion the house was saved. And it was because of this incident that Williams—that was the name of the policeman—said he would rather any day trust Alfred than his master, or even Dr. Squills. Mrs. Williams was of the same opinion; so, after that, she always went to him for advice and medicine whenever her children were ill; and, what with stomach complaints in the summer, and coughs and colds throughout the winter, he had a good deal of experience with the whole family.

"A few weeks before the time of which I am about to speak, I went to see him, and could not understand the change that seemed to have come over him. He had grown careless and indifferent, and several times I heard him reprimanded by his master for mistakes and omissions; so I said, 'Alfred, life and death are serious matters.' 'Oh,' he answered, 'you girls always make a fuss about everything. If you had made up as many doses of medicine as I have, you would not think so much about them; you are frightened just because you know nothing.'

"It may be so," I replied; "but it seems to me that there is great responsibility attached to your position, and all the more because you are so young."

"Well," he said, "I had just the same feeling until quite lately, but now it has entirely worn off."

"You may be sure that I was much grieved at the change indicated by this conversation, and the more so because it was decided that Alfred was to be a surgeon instead of a chemist, and my father was trying to make arrangements for cancelling